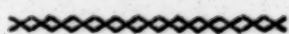


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T H E  
B A L L O O N I A D.



C A N T O I.

**H**A I L noble Strap, ambitious trav'ler hail!  
 To thee my muse shall consecrate her tale,  
 When with amaze she saw thee upward fly,  
 And cleave thy passage thro' the murky sky,  
 She caught the strain, and in heroic verse,  
 Learnt thy exalted praises to rehearse.

Ye gentle nymphs who grac'd those noted days,  
 Which crown'd the hero with unfading bays;  
 Will ye but deign to smile upon my theme,  
 A high reward your favor I shall deem!

But chiefly thou, O Truth, thou goddess bright,  
 Clad in the radiance of immortal light!  
 Do thou attend, and aid my feeble song.  
 To thee my pen, and all my pow'rs belong.

A 2

But

But hold! I hate this formal invocation;  
 I think my subject cloath'd in plain narration  
 Will suit much better, both for wise and simple,  
 From witty Job, to John without a dimple.

Come then plain Truth! and in a downright way,  
 Say what thou know'st, and none shall dare gainsay;  
 Tell how one fool made many thousands more,  
 A simple soul which learned Oxford bore.

The morn arrives, the inauspicious morn,  
 Oh Strap! how oft thy wish thou'dst ne'er been born,  
 When thy poor bowels grumbling for a vent,  
 Riv'd their dark close concealing continent.

Tag-rag and bob-tail grac'd th'appointed day,  
 Papa with Miss dress'd up as fine as May;  
 Mamma, and Cousin too, who all remember  
 The first of April happen'd in December.

The dusky tribes from greasy shops swarm forth,  
 Thick as of old Barbarians from the north,  
 Who o'er the empire fell destruction spread,  
 And dash'd in ruin Rome's exalted head.

Here say, O Strap! The strange hermetic art  
 Did the wing'd god himself to thee impart?  
 Or from the famous fountain of all knowledge,  
 Didst thou, vile theft! steal all thy art from college?  
 When

When thy great hands the menial basin bore,  
 What first induc'd the love of chemic lore?  
 Did soapy bubbles Air Balloons supply,  
 And teach thy soaring mind to mount the sky?

Blest Birmingham, the nursery of parts,  
 Where science dwells, and each mechanic art,  
 Supported by the sons of genius reigns,  
 And Hutton thro' the land thy fame maintains.

But still more bless'd when Strap and Sadler  
 came,  
 To ease each pocket, and exalt their fame;  
 For this aside did Strap his razor lay,  
 For this our Sadler threw his knife away.

Oh! happy Sadler, well thou went'st to Dover,  
 Or else, perchance, thy jaunt had all been over;  
 When thro' the air the weighty brickbats flew,  
 The vulgar vengeance might have fall'n on you:  
 Whilst chemic art in vain essay'd to raise,  
 The floating bubble of aerial praise.  
 What effervescence! what decrepitation!  
 Amongst the mob! what dreadful intonation!  
 Urg'd on by disappointment now they rise,  
 And send their murmurs to the distant skies.

Trinket, who saw the mob's ungovern'd rage,  
 Nimble step'd forth their murmurs to assuage,  
 His



His int'rest prompt him, tho' oppress'd with fear,  
 Clad in the consequence of overseer;  
 He claim'd attention: and the gaping crowd  
 In justice thought his claim should be allow'd.  
 Trinket began, with reverential bow,  
 Addressing them, " Good Sirs! you know as how  
 " This sad miscarriage never was intended,  
 " In a short time the blunder shall be mended;  
 " Our spirits we have found are quite too weak,  
 " Besides the brick-bats did some bottles break.  
 " When the moon gilds the ev'ning with her ray,  
 " Tho' disappointed on this luckless day;  
 " Then shall friend Strap majestically rise,  
 " And dare the terrors of th' inclement skies.  
 " Let each look sharp, and put his glasses on,  
 " My shop can well supply you that have none;  
 " The want of them, perhaps too late, may shew it,  
 " Off he may go, and none of you may know it."  
 He spake; but not content, the list'ning croud  
 Thought that he humm'd them, and began aloud  
 To curse balloon projectors, and their imps,  
 Just as my lord, or duke, might curse his pimps.

Now uproar rol'd around, the mob commix'd  
 With gentlefolk,—thy fate had then been fix'd;  
 Had not the sly hermetic deity,  
 Amidst the dread confusion pitied thee,  
 And under cover, with thy chosen friend  
 Snatch'd thee away,—perhaps thy latter end

Had

Had then arriv'd ;——the lovely virgin's tear  
Might then have wet thy hapless simple bier.

In chamber pent our hero mourn'd his fate;  
And sympathizing Trinket scratch'd his pate,  
Till favour'd by the darkness of the night,  
In hackney coach they took their fearful flight.

Now close arrang'd in terrible array,  
Planks for their batt'ring rams they force their way;  
With sturdy strokes the mob attack the wall,  
The coop'd up foes would not their victims fall;  
Undaunted they return the fierce attack;  
First they advance, but happy to get back  
To their retreat, tho' overwhelm'd with dread,  
Return'd bricks, boards, and stones, e'en as they fled.  
So noble Ajax, once renown'd in fight,  
Oppress'd by legions with superior might;  
Reluctant from the bloody field withdrew,  
Look'd back and grinn'd, and e'en retreating flew.

'Twas then a mediator of great worth,  
To reconcile the parties ventur'd forth;  
P—— by name, a man of kind demean,  
Peace, was the subject of the good man's theme:  
Accurs'd the hand that level'd at his head,  
From which the missive vengeance cruel sped,  
And bless'd be fate, which gave a scull so thick,  
Impervious or to murd'rous stone or brick.

And

And now, behold, a trusty chosen band,  
 Each with the staff of office in his hand :  
 " These shall repel the vile intruders force,  
 " Shall stop their lawless and outrageous course ;  
 " Each one shall chase a thousand—mine's the task,  
 " Grant me the gen'ralship, 'tis all I ask."  
 So spake aloud the mighty King of Clubs,  
 Who tho' perhaps he's felt a thousand rubs ;  
 Yet hard was rubb'd, and founded a retreat,  
 Himself, and all his forces, sorely beat.

The walls had now been level'd to the ground,  
 Nor had each bold defender quarter found ;  
 But see a youth stands up to read the law,  
 His rev'rend mien diffus'd a gen'ral awe ;  
 By civil fear the crowd at length impress'd,  
 Silence succeeds, the tumult sinks to rest :  
 At eve each wight returns in deep chagrin,  
 And Strap sleeps safe in unmolested skin.

So have I seen old Ocean heave his head,  
 And shake the stoutest mariner with dread ;  
 Wave rolls on wave to meet the low'ring sky,  
 Thro' the thick gloom the forked lightnings fly ;  
 Now Boreas shuts his direful puffing mouth,  
 And the wind changes from the north to south ;  
 Jack Tar again resumes his cheering can,  
 And whistles till a storm comes on again.

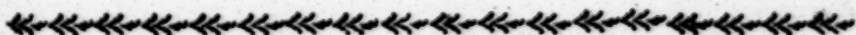
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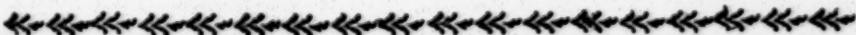
# BALLOONIAD.

CANTO the SECOND.



—*Digna satis fortuna revisit.*

Virg.



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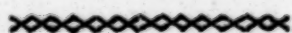
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T H E  
B A L L O O N I A D.



C A N T O II.

**N**OW better scenes await our noble Strap,  
And gentler fate makes up for each mishap,  
Six days had pass'd; mean while his courage grew,  
The sev'nth expos'd the wond'rous man to view.

Dull was the morn, the ground with snow was  
dress'd;  
The dusky tribes again in thousands press'd:  
Midst dirt and splashing, belles and beaux were  
seen,  
Umbrellas crouded from the rain to screen.  
Tho' wet, perchance, and mis'rably bemir'd,  
With expectation ev'ry breast was fir'd.

B 2

Oh

Oh, Sol! how could'st thou thus in pimping  
 sort,  
 Because thou wish'dst forsooth to spoil the sport,  
 Creep into clouds, and give such dusky weather,  
 When the expectant tribes were brought together.

Say then! each gentle, and each charming maid,  
 When ye the well remember'd youth survey'd;  
 What soft commotions seiz'd your lovely breasts;  
 How hard the wish to fly was then repress'd.  
 Prudence herself could scarce then disapprove,  
 The warm ambition almost bold to love.

Say not! ill natur'd lying Madam Fame,  
 His color chang'd; I saw 'twas still the same:  
 While o'er his cheek the glowing *rouge* was spread,  
 How could the white succeed the steady red?

Now he ascends aloft, and chemic art,  
 (Thanks to good friends!) at last hath done its part,  
 Quick thro' the misty air, beyond the ken  
 Of gaping thousands,—who go home again.

To the fam'd place 'twixt air, and earth, and seas,  
 Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease,  
 Of which, in Dunciad, Pope is found to write;  
 'Twas here our hero took his lofty flight:  
 Here mounted on his sav'ry wooden throne,  
 The ancient fire of all he found alone;

Petitions

Petitions scatter'd on the floor were seen,  
Some to his kingship, some to Juno queen.

In silence Strap presents his written pray'r,  
" That he might have some castle in the air,  
" Where he might live, and rule as sov'reign  
lord,  
" And by aerial asses be ador'd."

Jove smil'd to read this strange and droll re-  
quest,  
And thus th'aspiring traveller address'd.

" Advent'rous youth! what urg'd thy distant  
flight,  
" Beyond the finite ken of human sight?  
" Seest thou yon silver orb men call the moon?  
" Thither now speed thee with thy Air Balloon:  
" There dwells a man remark'd for length of  
beard,  
" Of him, no doubt, from childhood thou hast  
heard,  
" Him shave;—let nought thy speedy course re-  
tard,  
" And he with moonshine shall thy skill reward:  
" But first,—thy strange petition now I grant,  
" A castle in the air, thou ne'er shalt want;  
" Ichor cœlestial, seals thy mortal suit,"  
He spake, as from his awful bum he drew't;

Now



Now rapid thro' the mighty blue expanse,  
 Full on the lunar orb our hero lands,  
 'Twas here he met the wond'rous ancient man,  
 And as he op'd his shaving box began.  
 "To scrape thy beard, for so great Jove ordains,  
 "And says you'll well reward me for my pains,  
 "I come; nor can my stay from earth be long,  
 "I'll quickly do it, tho' your beard be strong."  
 Pleas'd he comply'd, and soon the job was o'er,  
 And sure it is, he ne'er was shav'd before.

A curious bag of moonshine now he brings,  
 Which being light, into the car he flings.  
 "This as Jove said, and know I Jove regard,  
 "This bag friend Strap! I give as thy reward,  
 "On earth you'll find much use for its contents,  
 "'Twill serve as matter for advertisements:  
 "Let printers have it for a paper puff,  
 "They know the value of the precious stuff."  
 This said, he took his leave, and Strap descends,  
 And in the land of pots his voyage ends.

But here how fain would I forego the task,  
 Which sure a nobler pen than mine must ask:  
 To sing the triumph of that glorious day,  
 No common muse should e'er assume the lay.  
 When in majestic pomp our hero rode,  
 And Trinket shone a secondary God.

When

When blooming Thaïs:— (cease your vulgar  
laughter)

In a post chaise and two came rolling after.  
Trumpets behind, which might have gone before,  
Increas'd the music of the vulgar roar,  
And the long Hudibrastic cavalcade,  
Proclaim'd the gen'ral joy which Strap had made.

When hireling asses drew the mighty man,  
And noble Trinket grac'd his great right hand :  
What splendor cloath'd the lovely king of  
hearts :

Transfix'd by Cupid with a thousand darts;  
Each female sigh'd, and through each tender  
frame,  
Soft tumults ran, at Strap's enchanting name.

Nor could each youth who thought he had a  
muse,  
The scribbling tribute of the day refuse.  
The minor bards now caught superior fire,  
And gave a strain or two to suit the lyre.

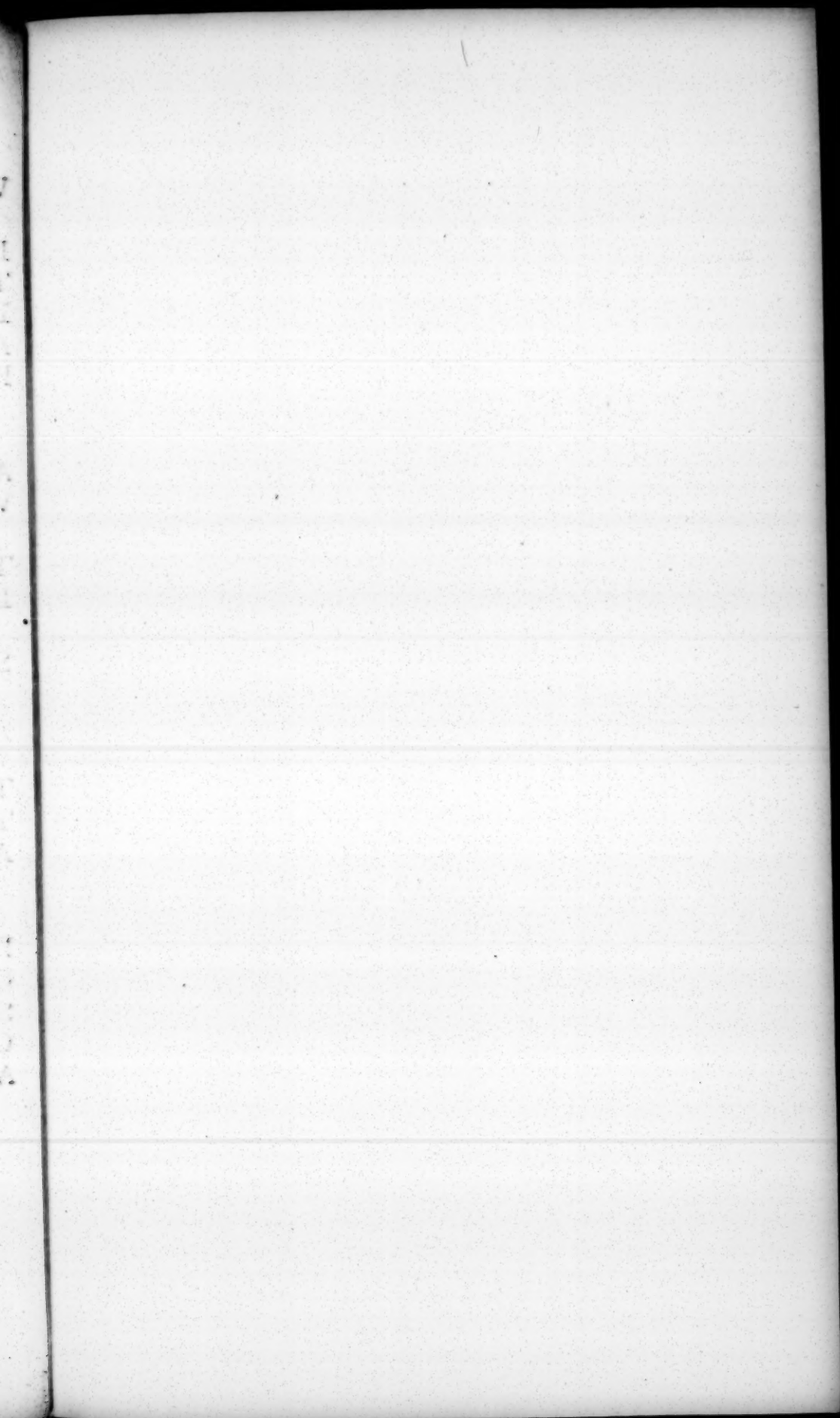
O pious Beth'lem open wide thy gates,  
For see a numerous croud of crazy pates,  
Confusion in their looks, and wild dismay,  
Seiz'd by the dreadful *mania* of the day ;  
Claim thy protection, till the fit is o'er,  
And reason re-assumes her wonted pow'r.

When

When sailing in the air great fleets are seen,  
And matrimonial flights to Gretna Green;  
Then shalt thou Strap begin thy rule above,  
So Fate ordains, and so said mighty Jove.

F I N I S.







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